

## Summer Dreaming

Ringed up purchases,  
I stare at the screen.  
My mind wants to be places.  
The grass is always green...

Overhead, seagulls scream at my tan  
As my oil dampens the white sand.

The breeze lifts the sail and my hair  
As the salt spray and sun fall on my skin.

Island palms sway as I lounge  
And absorb the serenity of solitude.

Deer walk up to me in the peace  
And the sun dances through the leaves.

Tonight I'll go home  
And pour a tall lemonade  
To watch the sun sink  
'Til the night sky is laid.

### About The Poet

Marie Rice is the founder and editor of [PartOfTheWhole.com](http://PartOfTheWhole.com) - wellness for body, mind, and spirit. She enjoys helping others reach their goals. When she's not online, Marie's spending time with her family, gardening, doing crafts, or **most likely** – reading a book!

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